  
**DEFIANT**  
**2**  
**\$2.50**  
\$3.50 CANADA

# *Prudence &* **CAUTION**

TM





# DEVILS IN THE DARK

Be Careful what you Wish for,  
Especially when you hear  
the sound of One Hand Clapping

IT'S THE HEAT HE  
HATES MOST, SICKLY  
AND OPPRESSIVE,  
WITH A FAINT STENCH  
AT THE BACK OF HIS  
NOSTRILS OF SOME-  
THING ROTTING,  
REMINDS HIM TOO  
MUCH OF MANHATTAN  
IN A BAD SUMMER  
WHEN SANITATION  
GETS BEHIND ON  
THE GARBAGE.

EVERYTHING AROUND  
IS SLIPPERY TO THE  
TOUCH-- INCLUDING  
HIM-- A WHOLE WORLD  
AS SQUIDGY IN HIS  
GRASP AS A SLUG.

ONLY HE'S IN *ITS*  
GRASP AND IT  
DOESN'T SEEM AT  
ALL INTERESTED  
IN LETTING GO.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOUR GAME  
IS, *SUERACEEN*,  
BUT I'M GETTING  
PRETTY TIRED  
OF IT.

YOU'RE HARDLY  
IN A POSITION TO  
MAKE DEMANDS,  
EARTHER.

AFTER ALL YOU'VE  
DONE, WHY SHOULD  
THE *ORG OF PLASM*  
DEVOTE ANY OF ITS  
RESOURCES TO  
SAFEGUARDING  
*YOUR* PALTRY  
HOMEWORLD?





I COULDN'T CARE LESS IF YOUR WORLD DESTROYS ITSELF, OR IS DESTROYED BY PRUDENCE.

CORPSES CAN BE MULCHED AS EFFECTIVELY AS LIVING BODIES.



IS THAT IT, SUE?

YOU TURNED THAT HORROR LOOSE ON EARTH AS A WAY OF GETTING AROUND LORCA'S DECISION TO LEAVE US BE?!

YOU FIGURE ON LETTING HER DO YOUR DIRTY WORK FOR YOU?



I AM THE HIGH GORE LORD OF THE ORG OF PLASM.

YOU WILL NOT TAKE THAT TONE WITH ME AGAIN.



WHATEVER YOUR THOUGHTS OF ME PERSONALLY, MALE, YOU WILL TREAT ME WITH THE RESPECT DUE MY OFFICE--

--OR YOU WILL SUFFER FOR IT!

YOU WANT MY RESPECT, LADY--

--EARN IT!



MOST CITIZENS OF THE ORG WOULD CHEERFULLY SELL THEIR SOULS TO AVOID EVEN A SINGLE LASH OF MY TWISTWHIP.




VIVA LA DIFFERENCE, THEN...

...BETWEEN YOU...

...AND US!





CASE IN  
POINT, HEAR  
WHAT I'M  
SAYIN',  
LADY?!

I'M NOT  
ABOUT TO  
STAND  
HERE AN'  
TAKE IT!

MOST  
IMPRESSIVE.

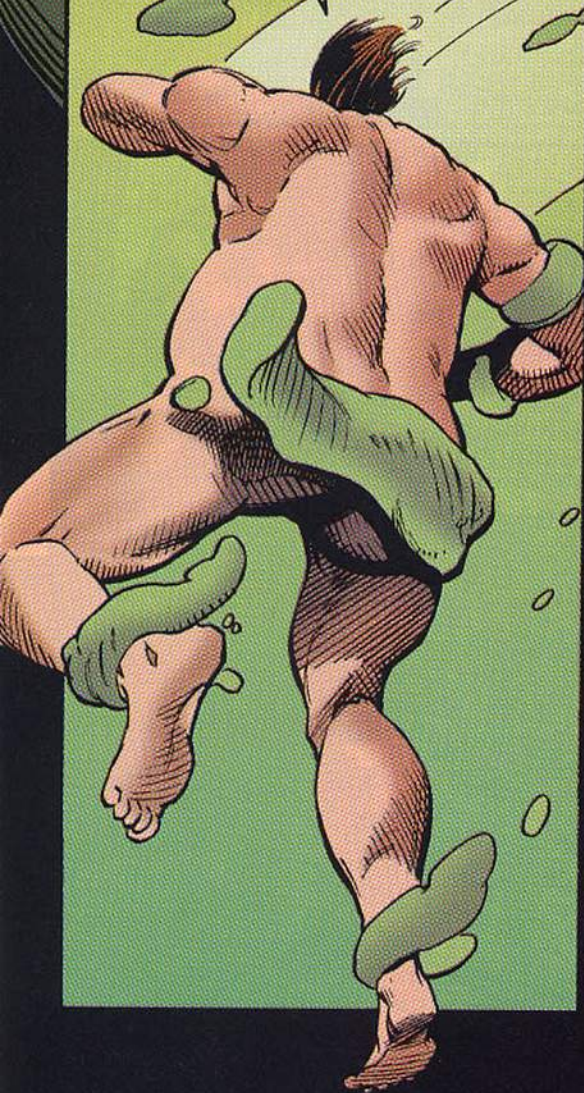
THOSE RESTRAINTS  
WERE CALIBRATED  
TO TWICE THE  
MAXIMUM  
STRENGTH INDEX  
WE RECORDED  
OFF YOU.

HUMANS,  
WE'RE JUST  
FULL O'  
SURPRISES.

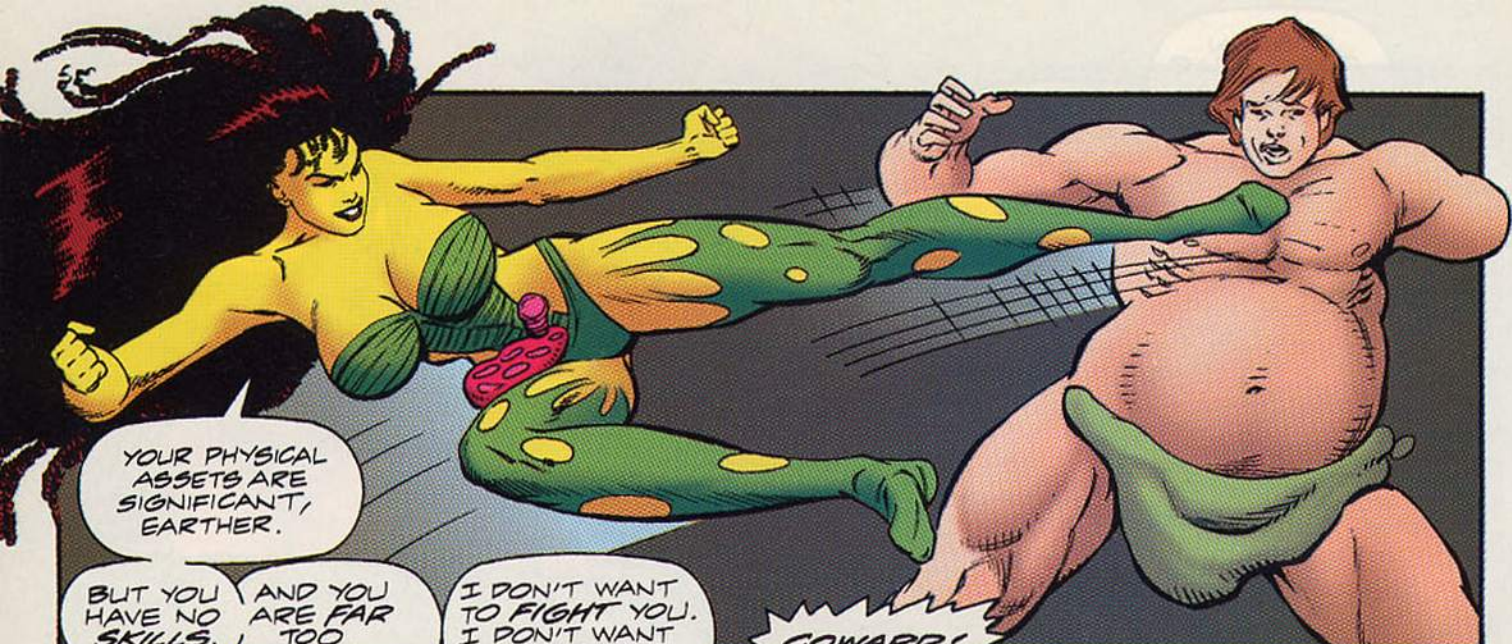
WE'RE  
TOUGHER'N  
YOU EXPECT.

AND SOME  
OF US  
DON'T DIE  
WHEN WE'RE  
SUPPOSED  
TO.

AND A FEW, I SEE,  
DON'T HAVE SENSE  
ENOUGH TO  
QUIT WHILE  
THEY'RE AHEAD.







YOUR PHYSICAL  
ASSETS ARE  
SIGNIFICANT,  
EARTHER.

BUT YOU  
HAVE NO  
SKILLS.

AND YOU  
ARE FAR  
TOO  
CAUTIOUS.

I DON'T WANT  
TO FIGHT YOU.  
I DON'T WANT  
TO FIGHT  
ANYONE!

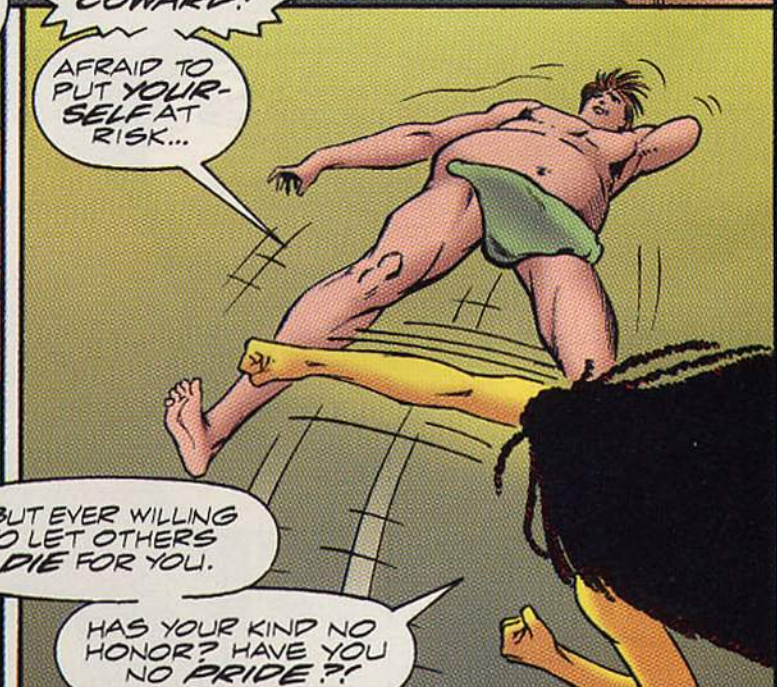
COWARD!

AFRAID TO  
PUT YOUR-  
SELF AT  
RISK...



...BUT EVER WILLING  
TO LET OTHERS  
DIE FOR YOU.

HAS YOUR KIND NO  
HONOR? HAVE YOU  
NO PRIDE?!



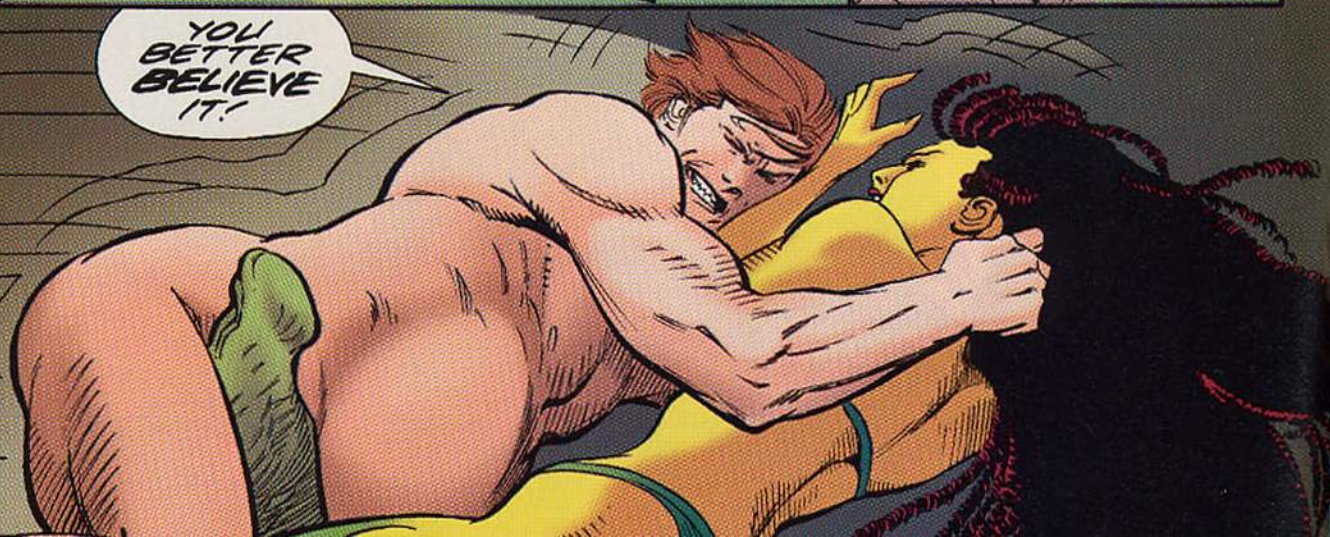
SUPREME  
ONE--

-- THE SENSOCAPS REPORT THAT THE  
PRISONER HAS ESCAPED!

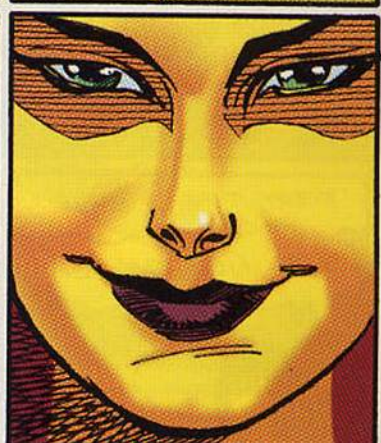
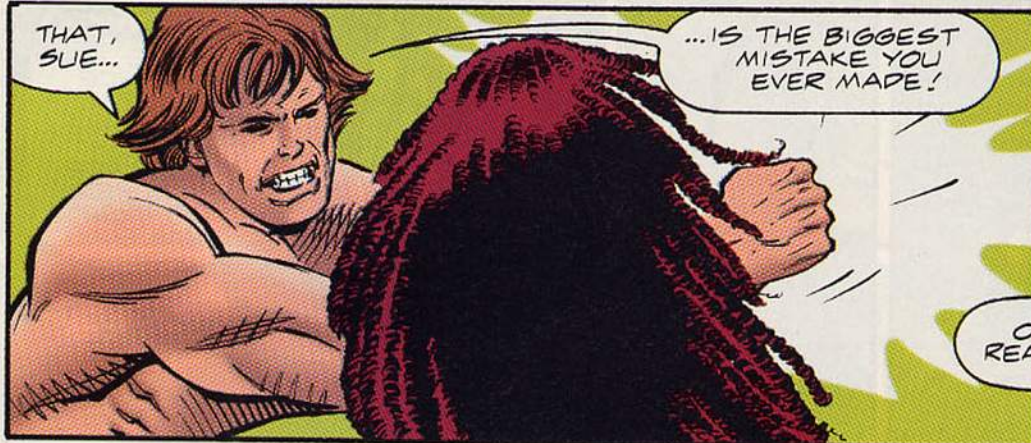
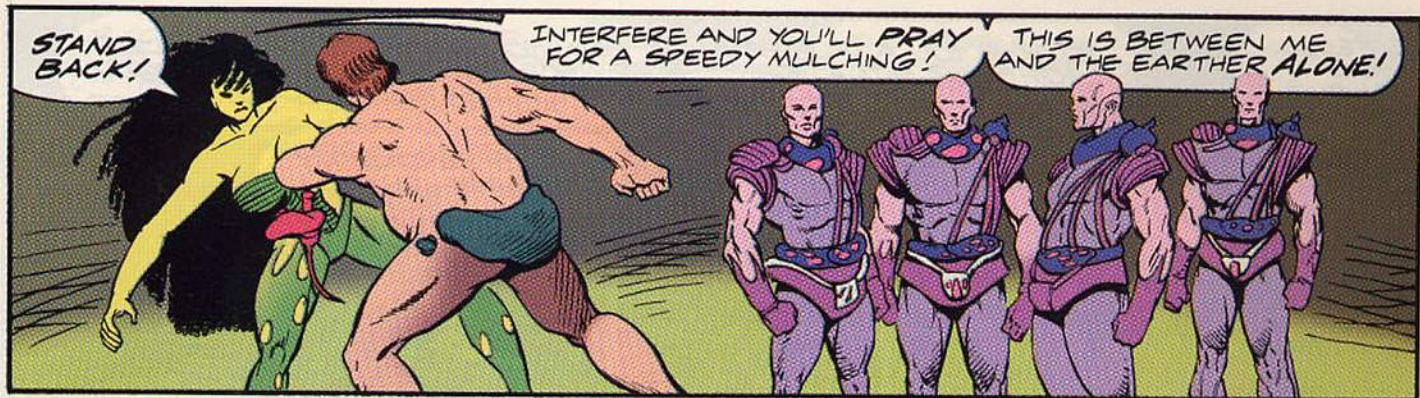
ARE YOU IN  
DANGER?!

FROM THIS  
NONENTITY,  
TRAMPLE-ZOM--?

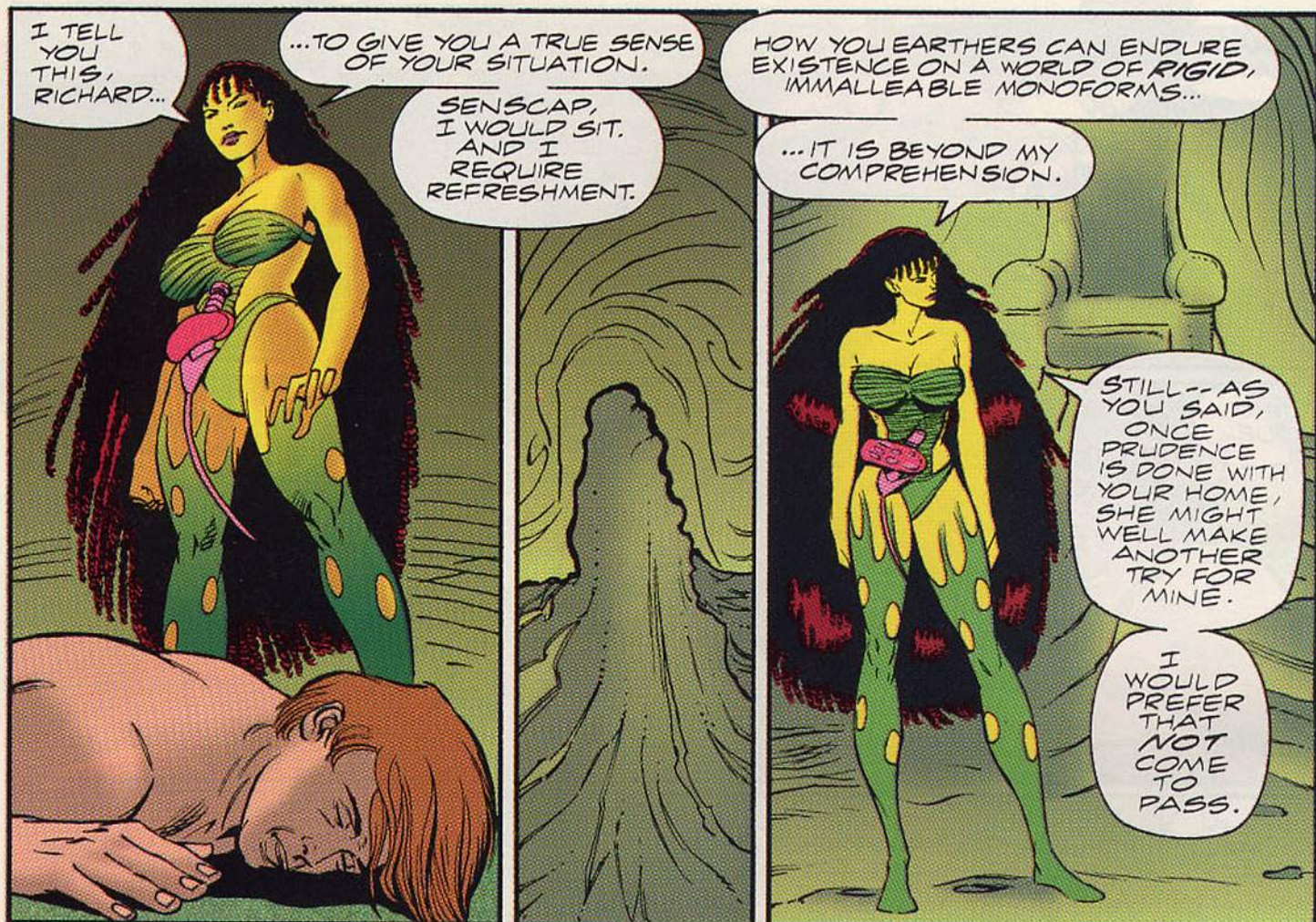
YOU  
BETTER  
BELIEVE  
IT!











I TELL YOU THIS, RICHARD...

...TO GIVE YOU A TRUE SENSE OF YOUR SITUATION.

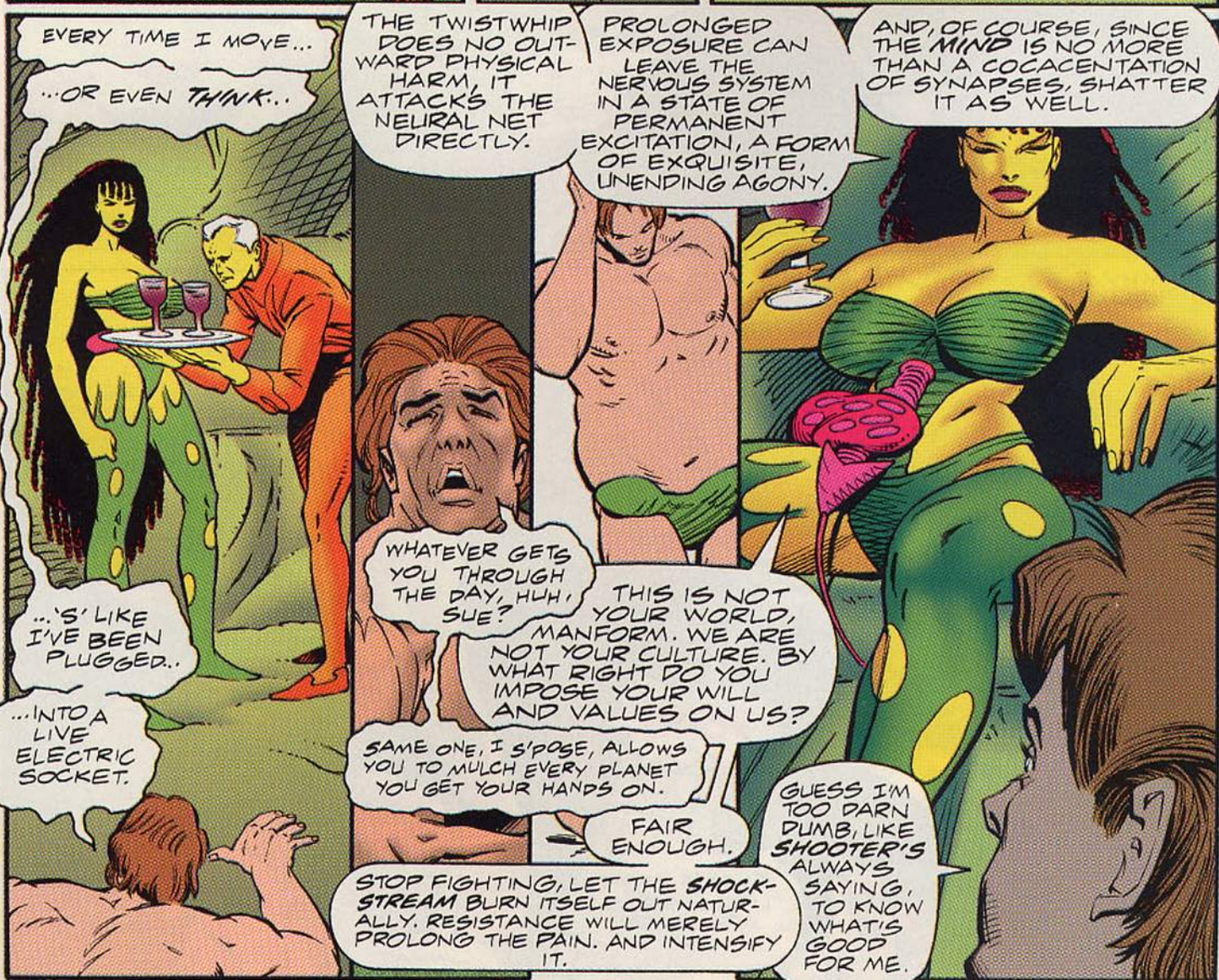
SENSCAP, I WOULD SIT. AND I REQUIRE REFRESHMENT.

HOW YOU EARTHERS CAN ENDURE EXISTENCE ON A WORLD OF RIGID, IMMALLEABLE MONOFORMS...

...IT IS BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION.

STILL-- AS YOU SAID, ONCE PRUDENCE IS DONE WITH YOUR HOME, SHE MIGHT WELL MAKE ANOTHER TRY FOR MINE.

I WOULD PREFER THAT NOT COME TO PASS.



EVERY TIME I MOVE...

...OR EVEN THINK...

THE TWISTWHIP DOES NO OUTWARD PHYSICAL HARM, IT ATTACKS THE NEURAL NET DIRECTLY.

PROLONGED EXPOSURE CAN LEAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN A STATE OF PERMANENT EXCITATION, A FORM OF EXQUISITE, UNENDING AGONY.

AND, OF COURSE, SINCE THE MIND IS NO MORE THAN A COCACENTRATION OF SYNAPSES, SHATTER IT AS WELL.

...S' LIKE I'VE BEEN PLUGGED..

...INTO A LIVE ELECTRIC SOCKET.

WHATEVER GETS YOU THROUGH THE DAY, HUH, SUE?

THIS IS NOT YOUR WORLD, MANFORM. WE ARE NOT YOUR CULTURE. BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU IMPOSE YOUR WILL AND VALUES ON US?

SAME ONE, I S'POSE, ALLOWS YOU TO MULCH EVERY PLANET YOU GET YOUR HANDS ON.

FAIR ENOUGH.

STOP FIGHTING, LET THE SHOCK-STREAM BURN ITSELF OUT NATURALLY. RESISTANCE WILL MERELY PROLONG THE PAIN. AND INTENSIFY IT.

GUESS I'M TOO DARN DUMB, LIKE SHOOTER'S ALWAYS SAYING, TO KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR ME.



YOUR COMPANION IS A FOOL. HE CONTROLS MORE POWER--AS DO YOU ALL-- THAN HE KNOWS RIGHTLY WHAT TO DO WITH, YET HIS IMAGINATION IS SO LIMITED HE CAN ONLY USE IT IN ITS MOST SUPERFICIAL ASPECTS.

PROBLEM FOR YOU IS, WE LEARN REAL QUICK.

THE PROBLEM FOR YOU, RICHARD, IS THAT WE ARE NOT THE ONLY PLAYERS IN THIS GAME. AND FAR FROM THE DEADLIEST--

--BY THE WORLDSOUL!?!  
EARTHQUAKE?!!

EARTHQUAKE?!!

RELAX, SUE, I GOTCHA!

UNHAND ME, LUMMOX!

I CAN MANAGE WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

HEY, NO PROBLEM, YOU'RE WELCOME!

DO YOU COMPREHEND NOTHING?!

I WAS BRED BEFORE INCEPTION TO BE THE FINEST GORELORD IN THE ORG'S MEMORY.

EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING-- BODY AND MIND-- IS DEDICATED TO THAT ROLE. NONE CAN MATCH MY SKILL AS A TACTICIAN, MY PROWESS AS A WARRIOR.

OR DO YOU NEED ANOTHER DUEL TO REMIND YOU.

SENSCAP-- MANIFEST IMMEDIATE ACCESS TO THE EXTERIOR. I MUST SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!





ESTABLISH  
IMMEDIATE  
COMLINK  
WITH THE  
EMPEROR!

UNABLE TO COMPLY,  
SVERACEEN. BOTH  
COMMUNICATIONS  
AND DATA NETWORKS  
HAVE BEEN  
COMPROMISED.  
FURTHER  
DEGRADATION  
IMMINENT.

THE WHOLE  
SYSTEM'S  
CRASHING!

MY GOD-- IS  
THAT A  
BUILDING?!

ANALYSIS!

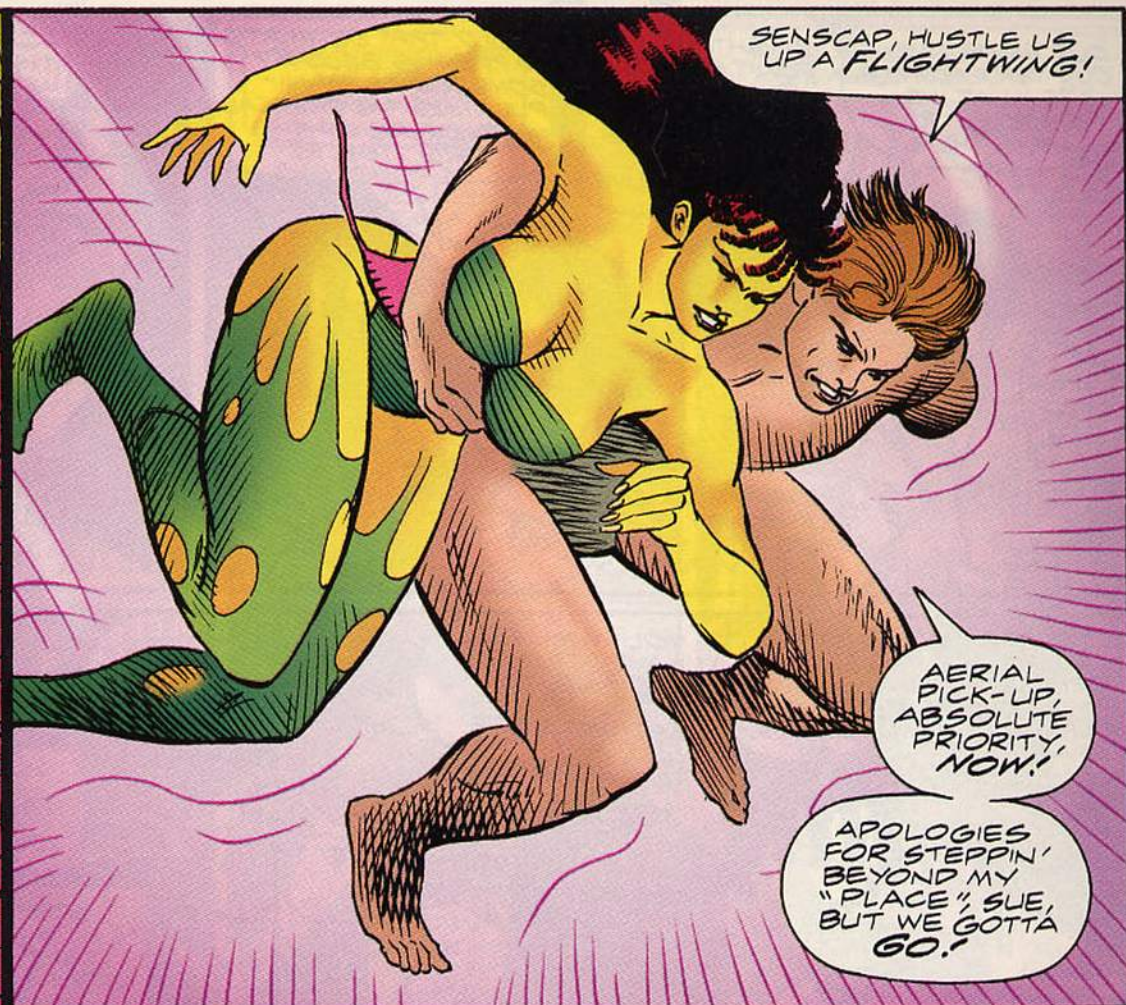
ONGOING  
REVERSION  
OF ALL  
BIOLOGICAL  
FORMS IN  
IMMEDIATE  
VICINITY TO  
PRIMAL  
MATTER.

IT'S LIKE THE WORLD  
ITSELF IS STARTING  
TO ROT BEFORE OUR  
EYES!





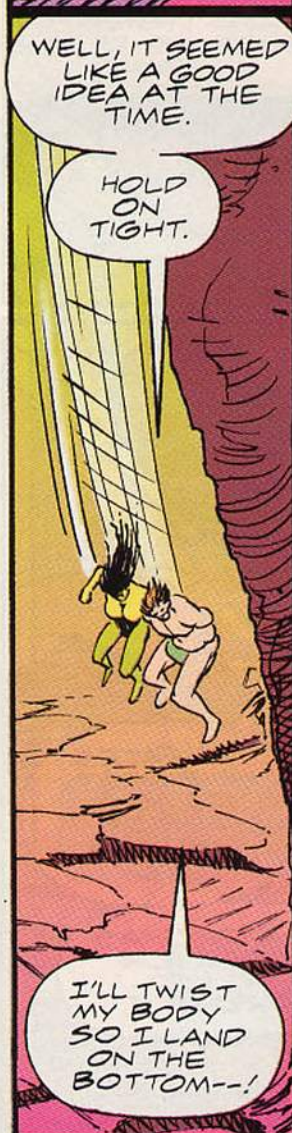
SUE--THE  
SAME  
EFFECT--  
IT'S HEADING  
FOR YOUR  
TOWER,  
TOO!



SENSCAP, HUSTLE US  
UP A FLIGHTWING!

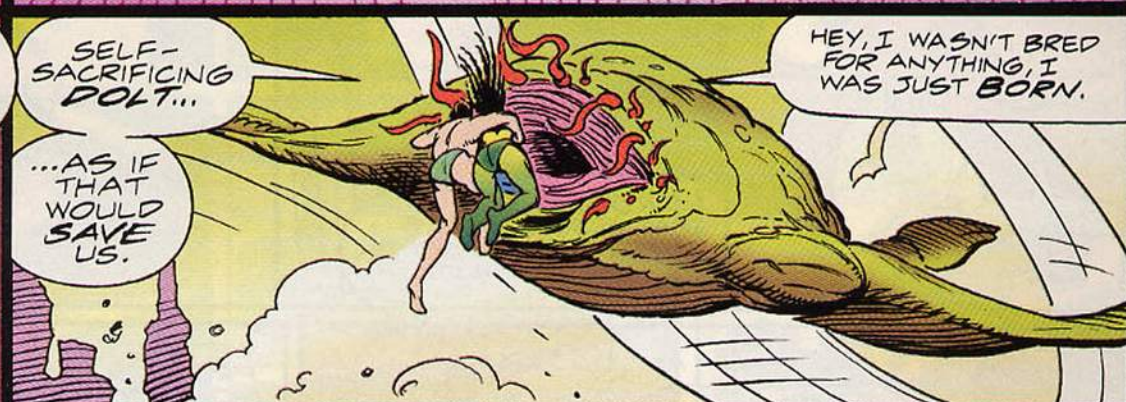
AERIAL  
PICK-UP,  
ABSOLUTE  
PRIORITY,  
NOW!

APOLOGIES  
FOR STEPPIN'  
BEYOND MY  
"PLACE", SUE,  
BUT WE GOTTA  
GO.



WELL, IT SEEMED  
LIKE A GOOD  
IDEA AT THE  
TIME.

HOLD  
ON  
TIGHT.



SELF-  
SACRIFICING  
DOLT...

...AS IF  
THAT  
WOULD  
SAVE  
US.

HEY, I WASN'T BRED  
FOR ANYTHING, I  
WAS JUST BORN.



EXCUSE ME FOR TRYIN' TO DO THE  
BEST I CAN WITH WHAT I GOT.

STOP  
APOLOGIZING.  
IT'S A SIGN  
OF WEAKNESS.

I WAS  
TAUGHT  
IT WAS  
GOOD  
MANNERS.

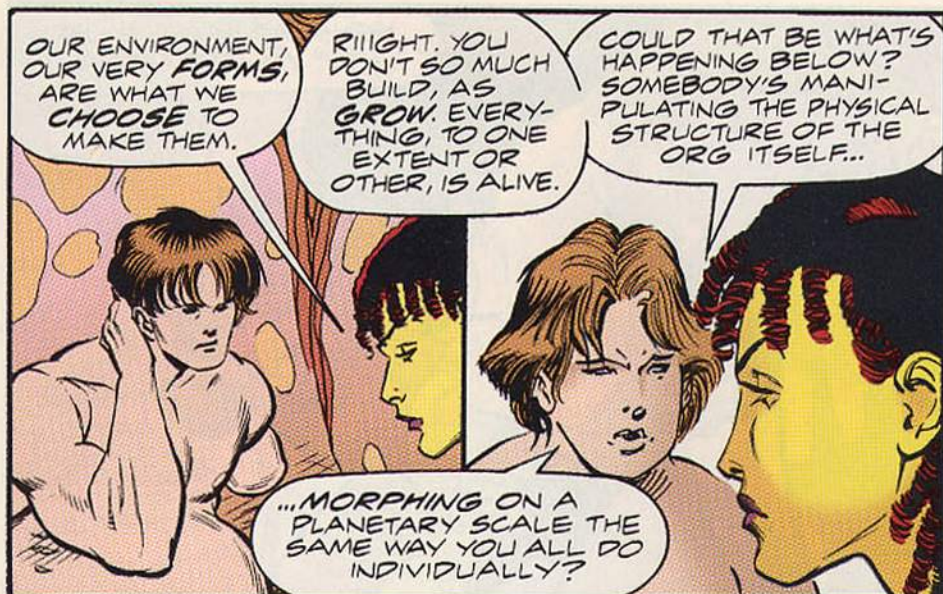


THIS  
IS SO  
TOTALLY  
WEIRD.

I MEAN, THE FLIGHTWING'S  
ALIVE, YET IT CAN  
CHANGE ITSELF TOTALLY--  
INSIDE AND OUT-- TO FIT  
THE REQUIREMENTS OF  
ITS PASSENGERS.

IN A SENSE,  
EARTHER,  
YOU'VE JUST  
DEFINED THE  
ORG.





OUR ENVIRONMENT,  
OUR VERY **FORMS**,  
ARE WHAT WE  
**CHOOSE** TO  
MAKE THEM.

RIIIGHT. YOU  
DON'T SO MUCH  
BUILD, AS  
**GROW**. EVERY-  
THING, TO ONE  
EXTENT OR  
OTHER, IS ALIVE.

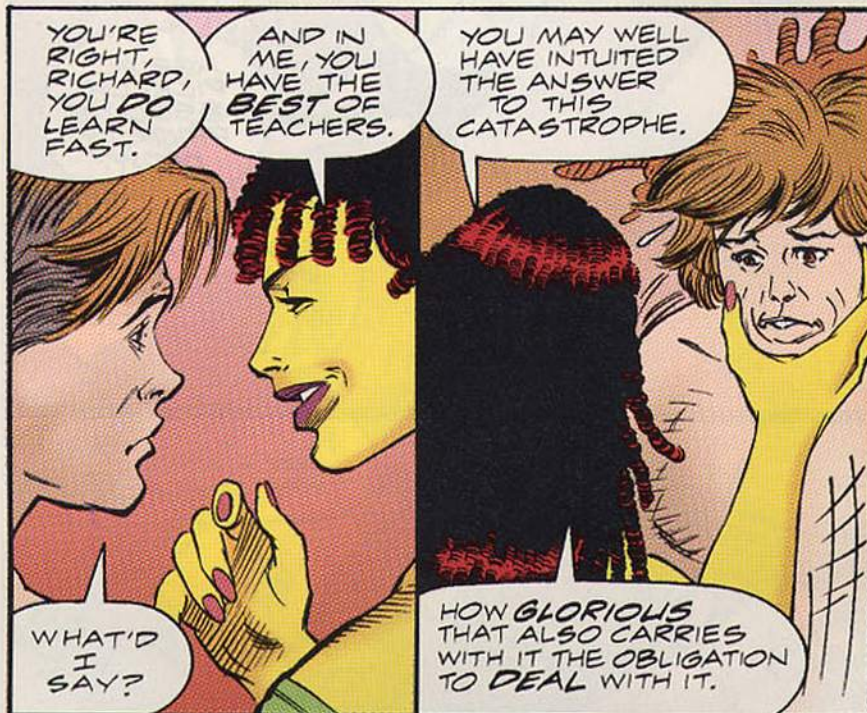
COULD THAT BE WHAT'S  
HAPPENING BELOW?  
SOMEBODY'S MANI-  
PULATING THE PHYSICAL  
STRUCTURE OF THE  
ORG ITSELF...

"...MORPHING ON A  
PLANETARY SCALE THE  
SAME WAY YOU ALL DO  
INDIVIDUALLY?"



IMPOSSIBLE!  
THE WORLDSOUL  
WOULD NEVER--

ORG'S GRACE, NO.'



YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
RICHARD,  
YOU **DO**  
LEARN  
FAST.

AND IN  
ME, YOU  
HAVE THE  
**BEST** OF  
TEACHERS.

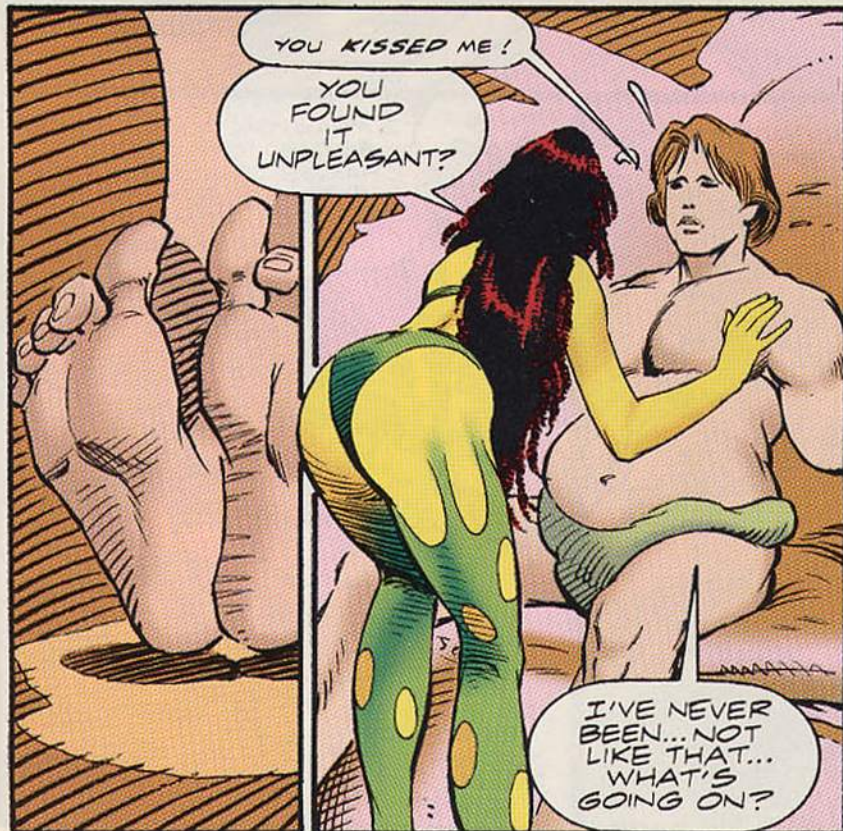
YOU MAY WELL  
HAVE INTUITED  
THE ANSWER  
TO THIS  
CATASTROPHE.

WHAT'D  
I  
SAY?

HOW **GLORIOUS**  
THAT ALSO CARRIES  
WITH IT THE OBLIGATION  
TO **DEAL** WITH IT.



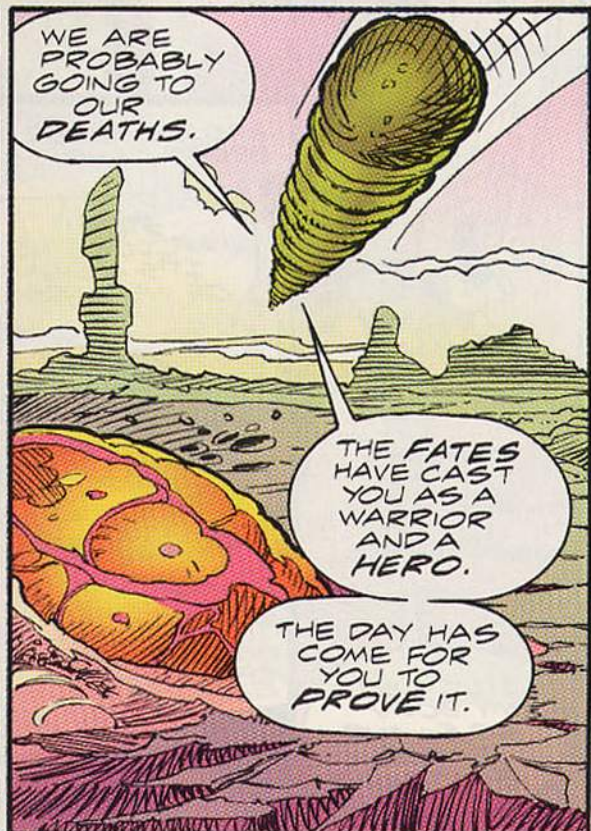
I  
**SALUTE**  
YOU.



YOU KISSED ME!

YOU  
FOUND  
IT  
UNPLEASANT?

I'VE NEVER  
BEEN...NOT  
LIKE THAT...  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?



WE ARE  
PROBABLY  
GOING TO  
OUR  
**DEATHS**.

THE **FATES**  
HAVE CAST  
YOU AS A  
WARRIOR  
AND A  
**HERO**.

THE DAY HAS  
COME FOR  
YOU TO  
**PROVE** IT.



NEW ORLEANS.

GATEWAY TO AMERICA'S  
HEARTLAND, FABLED  
IN SONG AND STORY...

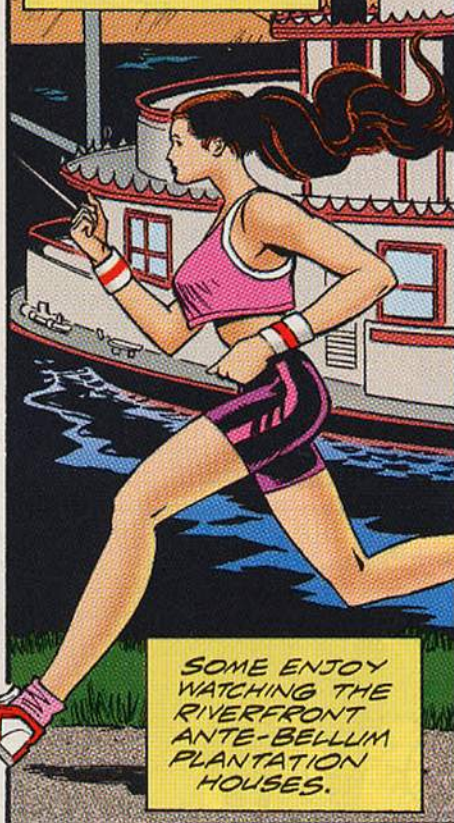


...A CITY DEFINED BY  
THE GREAT RIVER  
THAT RUNS BESIDE  
IT, THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN THE OLD DAYS, THESE  
STERN-WHEEL PADDLE  
BOATS WERE ESSENTIAL  
INSTRUMENTS OF COMMERCE,  
CARRYING PASSENGERS  
AND FREIGHT FROM THE  
GULF TO THE GREAT  
LAKES.

TODAY, THEY'RE  
NO LESS  
ESSENTIAL.

THEY SIMPLY  
CARRY TOURISTS  
ON SIGHTSEEING  
DAY-TRIPS.



SOME ENJOY  
WATCHING THE  
RIVERFRONT  
ANTE-BELLUM  
PLANTATION  
HOUSES.

SOME HAVE... OTHER  
PREFERENCES.

NICE.

VERY.

GOOD SPEED.  
SHE'S PACIN'  
THE BOAT.

SHAME  
WE'RE  
ONNA  
JOB.



COULD STAND  
AN' WATCH  
HER ALL  
DAY.

WE GET  
CAUGHT.

...WON'T HAVE  
THAT WORRY  
NO MORE.

"PAL, WE  
GET  
CAUGHT..."

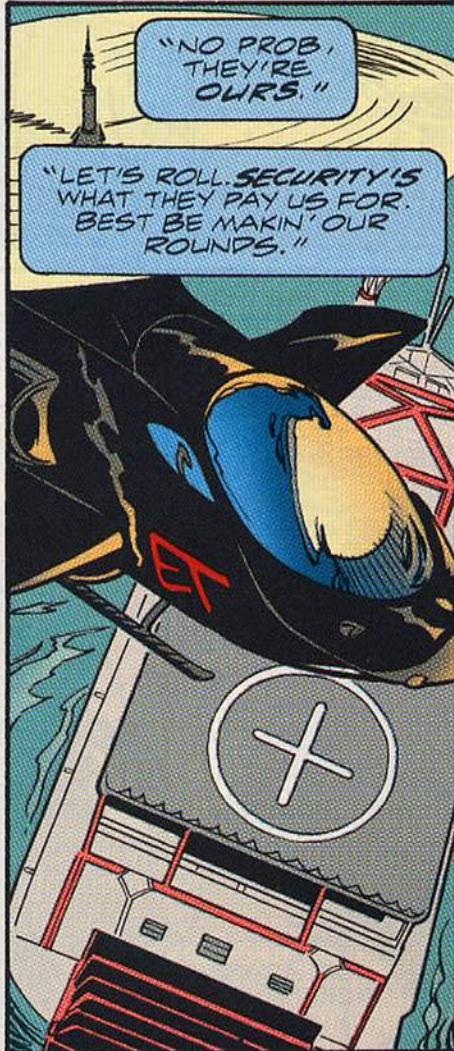


"...WE WON'T HAVE  
ANY WORRIES  
NO MORE."

"HEADS UP, PAL.  
CHOPPERS  
COMIN'!"

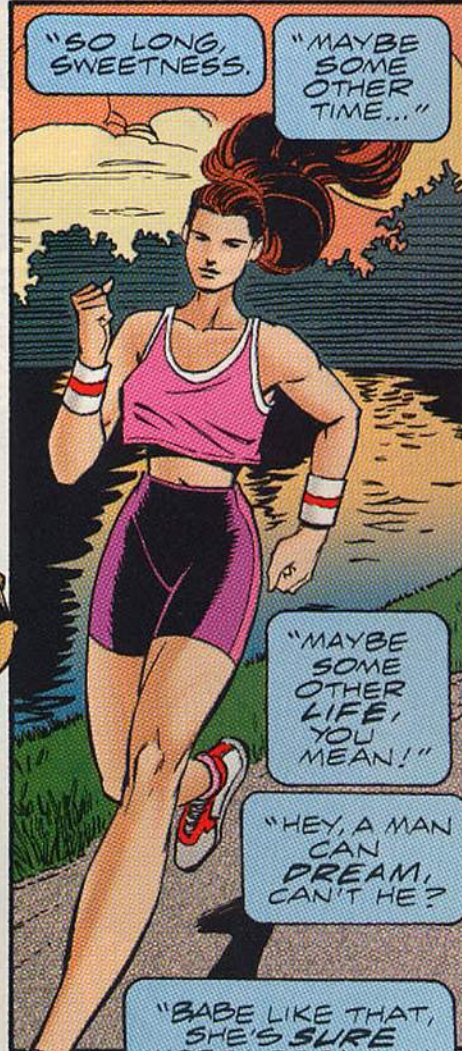
"NO PROB,  
THEY'RE  
OURS."

"LET'S ROLL. SECURITY'S  
WHAT THEY PAY US FOR.  
BEST BE MAKIN' OUR  
ROUNDS."



"SO LONG,  
SWEETNESS."

"MAYBE  
SOME  
OTHER  
TIME..."



"MAYBE  
SOME  
OTHER  
LIFE,  
YOU  
MEAN!"

"HEY, A MAN  
CAN  
DREAM,  
CAN'T HE?"

"BABE LIKE THAT,  
SHE'S SURE  
WORTH DREAMIN'  
ABOUT."





WELCOME ABOARD, MR. RASMUSSEN.

I TRUST YOU HAD A PLEASANT FLIGHT?

ADEQUATE.

I ASSUME THE VESSEL'S SECURE.

ABSOLUTELY, SIR. YOU HAVE MY IRONCLAD GUARANTEE.

WE'RE TOTALLY SHIELDED AGAINST ANY AND ALL FORMS OF SURVEILLANCE.



MAN'S AN IDIOT.

YOU DOUBT HIS ASSURANCES, SAM?

I "DOUBT" HIS COMPETENCE.

AIN'T NOTHIN' THAT SECURE.

SWEEP THE SHIP YOURSELF, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY.



AIN'T THE POINT. AIN'T MY STYLE.

BETTER TO ASSUME YOU'RE TOTALLY COMPROMISED, OPPOSITION KNOWS EV'RYTHIN'. TAKE IT FROM THERE AN' S'PRISE THEM, 'STEAD'A T'OTHER WAY 'ROUND

ICED TEA FOR ME, ABIGAIL. A BOTTLE OF BLACK SABBATH LAGER FOR MR. DESCARTES.

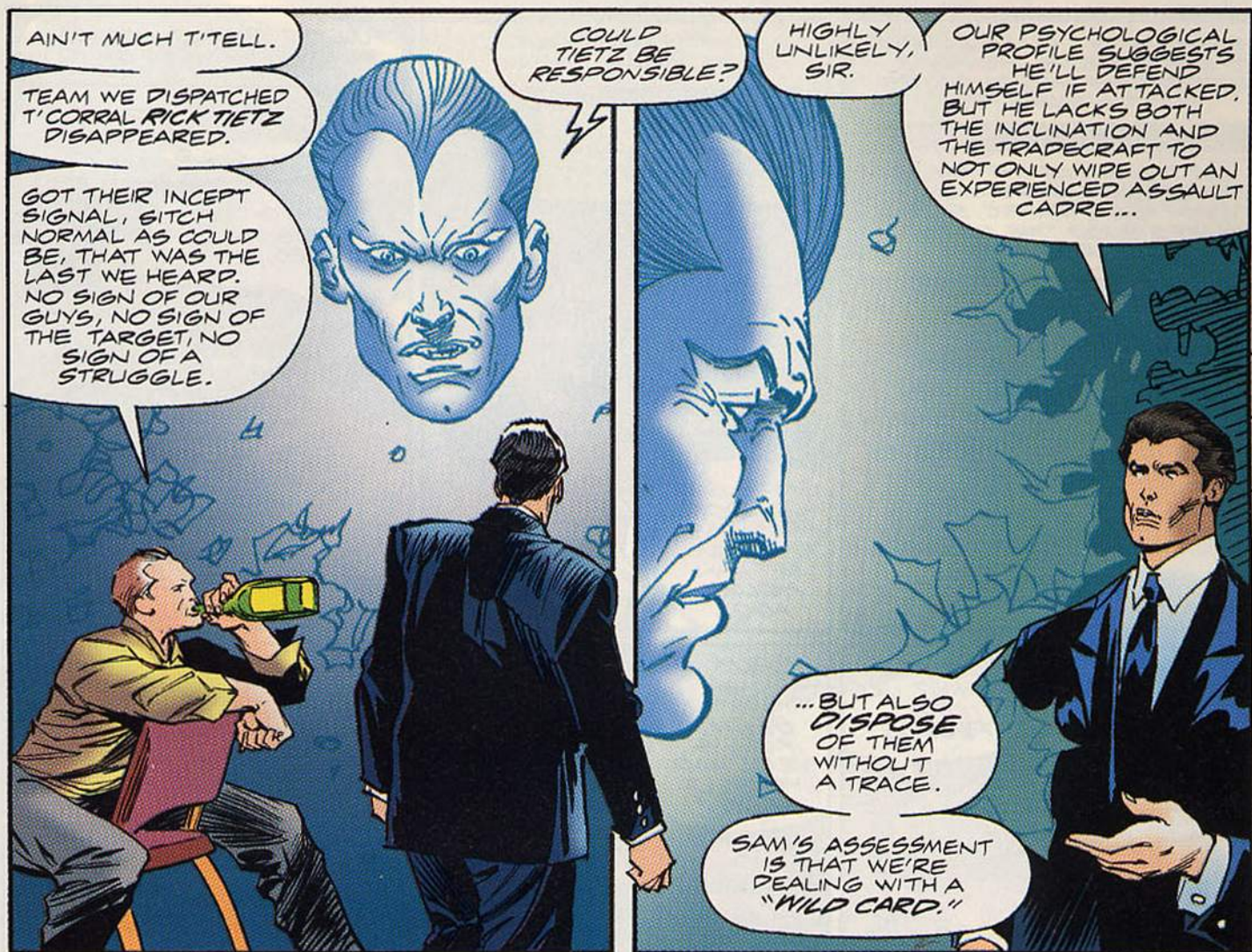
MR. KURLAND'S BEEN EXPECTING YOU, SIR.



FOR QUITE SOME TIME AS A MATTER OF FACT.

I'D LIKE YOUR REPORT, GENTLEMEN.





AIN'T MUCH T' TELL.

TEAM WE DISPATCHED  
T' CORRAL RICK TIETZ  
DISAPPEARED.

GOT THEIR INCEPT  
SIGNAL, SITCH  
NORMAL AS COULD  
BE, THAT WAS THE  
LAST WE HEARD.  
NO SIGN OF OUR  
GUYS, NO SIGN OF  
THE TARGET, NO  
SIGN OF A  
STRUGGLE.

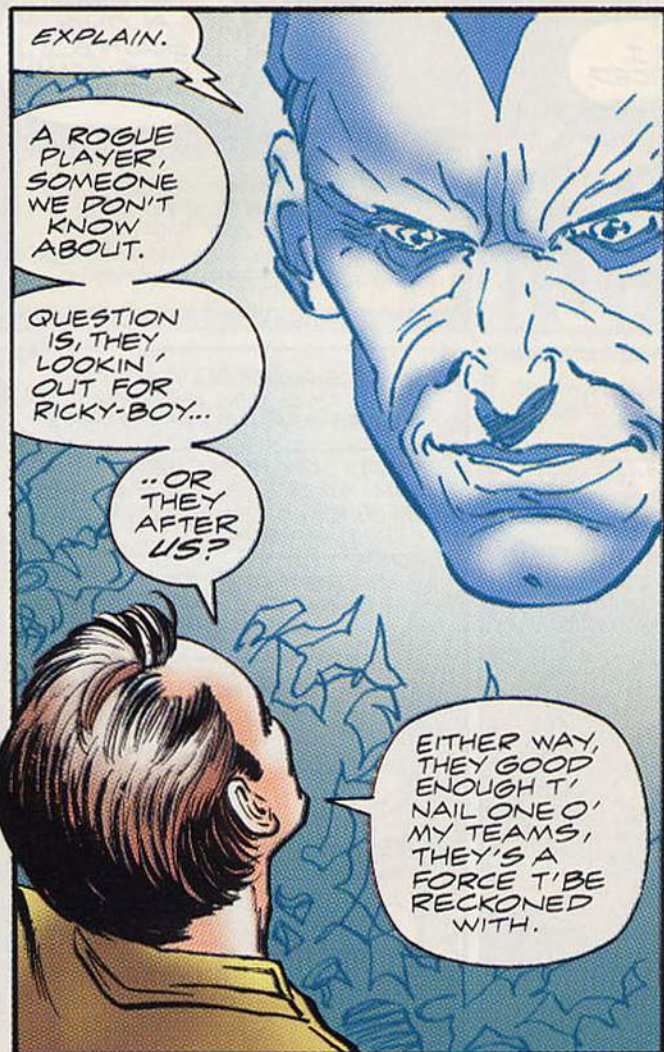
COULD  
TIETZ BE  
RESPONSIBLE?

HIGHLY  
UNLIKELY,  
SIR.

OUR PSYCHOLOGICAL  
PROFILE SUGGESTS  
HE'LL DEFEND  
HIMSELF IF ATTACKED.  
BUT HE LACKS BOTH  
THE INCLINATION AND  
THE TRADecraft TO  
NOT ONLY WIPE OUT AN  
EXPERIENCED ASSAULT  
CADRE...

...BUT ALSO  
**DISPOSE**  
OF THEM  
WITHOUT  
A TRACE.

SAM'S ASSESSMENT  
IS THAT WE'RE  
DEALING WITH A  
"WILD CARD."



EXPLAIN.

A ROGUE  
PLAYER,  
SOMEONE  
WE DON'T  
KNOW  
ABOUT.

QUESTION  
IS, THEY  
LOOKIN'  
OUT FOR  
RICKY-BOY...

..OR  
THEY  
AFTER  
US?

EITHER WAY,  
THEY GOOD  
ENOUGH T'  
NAIL ONE O'  
MY TEAMS,  
THEY'S A  
FORCE T'BE  
RECKONED  
WITH.



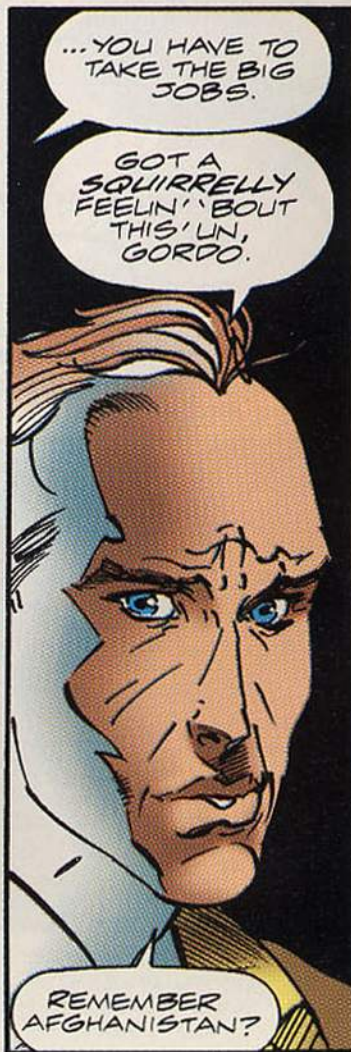
AGREED. THE PRIMARY  
MISSION REMAINS  
LINCHANGED: ENTERPRISE  
TECHNOLOGIES WANTS  
TIETZ, ALIVE AND  
UNHARMED.

IF THIS "WILD CARD"  
CANNOT BE RECRUITED,  
IT IS TO BE ELIMINATED.

KEEP ME INFORMED OF  
YOUR PROGRESS, GENTLE-  
MEN. COMMUNICATIONS  
ENDS. KURLAND.

MAN  
DON'T  
ASK  
FOR  
MUCH.

YOU WANT  
TO EARN  
THE **BIG**  
**BUCKS**,  
MY FRIEND...



...YOU HAVE TO  
TAKE THE BIG  
JOBS.

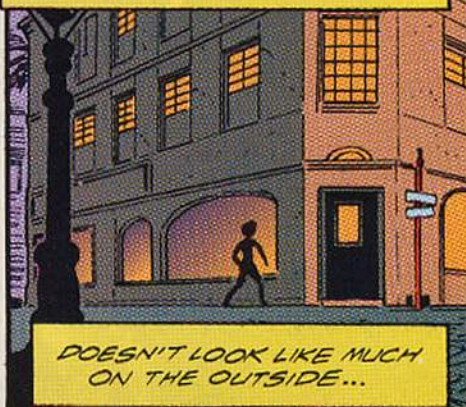
GOT A  
SQUIRRELLY  
FEELIN' 'BOUT  
THIS 'UN,  
GORDO.

REMEMBER  
AFGHANISTAN?



SHE FOLLOWS THE LEVEE UPRIVER TO ELYSIAN FIELDS, THEN CUTS LEFT AT CHARTRES TO HEAD BACK INTO THE QUARTER.

IN THE HEAT OF THE MIDWEEK AFTERNOON, THERE ISN'T MUCH FOOT TRAFFIC, SO SHE MAKES GOOD TIME TO THE PLACE ROYALE.



DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH ON THE OUTSIDE...

...BUT THAT'S TRUE ABOUT MOST OF THE VIEUX CARRE.

SHABBY WITHOUT, WONDERLAND (OF A SORT) WITHIN.



SAINTS, GIRL, YOU LOOK FRESH AS WHEN YOU LEFT, AN HOUR AGO!

NO WAY YOU BEEN RUNNIN' THIS WHOLE TIME.

FULL TILT, REEF, JUST LIKE ALWAYS, MY WORD ON IT!

I'D KILL T' KNOW YOUR SECRET, PRUDENCE-CHILE.

NO BIG DEAL. DESIGNER GENES, IS ALL.



FACE AN' FIGURE LIKE YOURS, CAN'T FIGURE WHY YOU BE SLUMMIN' IN A DUMP LIKE THIS?

LIKE THE TOWN? LIKE THE PEOPLE?

DON'T SASS ME, GIRL.

WHAT "SASS", REEF, IT'S THE TRUTH!



PRU!

WHERE YOU BEEN? REEF'S NEAR HAD HERSELF A COW!

HURRY UP, GET 'CHA' SELF CHANGED.

Y'ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES 'TIL OUR SHIFT STARTS.

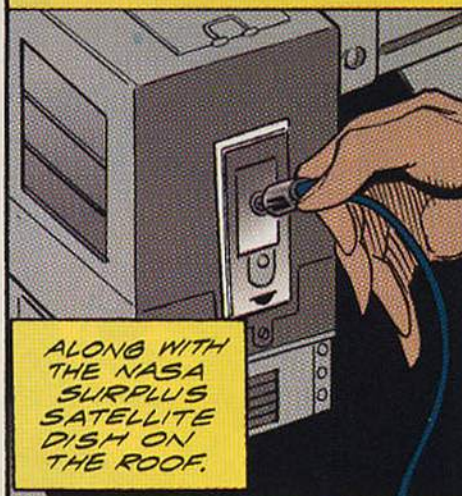
SO I NOTICED.



BE RIGHT ALONG, SOON'S I FINISH MY SANDWICH!

THE BUILDING ITSELF DATES NEARLY TO THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY, WITH A RARE, COMMANDING VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT.

THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS SHE CHOSE IT.



ALONG WITH THE NASA SURPLUS SATELLITE DISH ON THE ROOF.

THE BIG T.V IN THE BACK ROOM BAR CAN PICK UP VIRTUALLY EVERY STATION ON EARTH.

PRUDENCE'S INTERESTS, HOWEVER, RANGE A LITTLE CLOSER TO HOME.

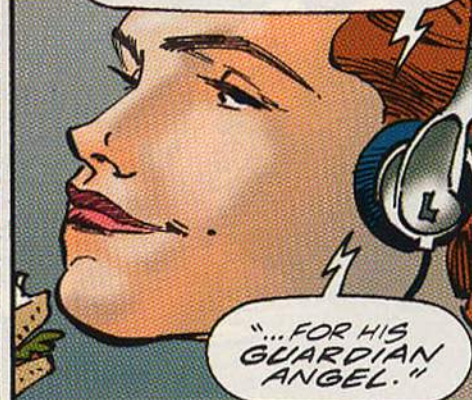
"IF THE "WILDCARD" CANNOT BE RECRUITED, IT IS TO BE ELIMINATED.



"GOT A SQUIRRELLY FEELIN' 'BOUT THIS 'UN, GORDO. REMEMBER AFGHANISTAN?"

"WE DO NOW WHAT WE DID THEN, SAM. WE STRIVE, WE SUCCEED, WE SURVIVE. ANYONE GETS IN OUR WAY...

"...THEY DIE, THAT GOES FOR THE FAT BOY. AND ESPECIALLY...



"...FOR HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL."



THEIR TARGET  
IS A MOUND,  
GROWING ON  
THE SITE OF  
THE DESTROYED  
BUILDINGS...

...REACHING  
THE SIZE OF  
A MOUNTAIN,  
JUST IN THE  
TIME IT TAKES  
THEM TO REACH  
IT.

RICK CAN'T  
HELP A  
GIGGLE AS  
THEY HIT.

BECAUSE THE IMAGE  
THAT COMES TO MIND  
IS THAT THEY'RE  
LANCING SOME  
GIANT BOIL.

THE FLIGHTWING  
DOESN'T SURVIVE  
THE IMPACT. IT  
ISN'T SUPPOSED  
TO.

HE WONDER'S,  
WHEN THEY  
EMERGE, IF THIS  
WAS HOW JONAH  
FELT, INSIDE  
THE BELLY OF  
THAT WHALE.

JONAH HAD FAITH  
TO PROTECT HIM.

SAME FAITH  
THAT  
ARMORS  
REVEREND  
GILBERT

ALL I GOT FOR  
PROTECTION IS  
THIS STUPID  
SUIT OF BLACK  
PAINT.

DOES WONDERS  
FOR SUE, MAKES  
ME LOOK LIKE  
THE WALKING  
TALKING  
WONDER BELLY.

THE FLIGHT  
WING  
SACRIFICED  
ITSELF TO  
GOOD  
PURPOSE.  
WE HAVE  
INTERSECTED  
ONE OF THE  
SECTOR'S  
PRIMARY  
TRANSIT  
NODES.

FOLLOW  
AND FIND OUT.

WHERE'S  
IT LEAD?

WHAT IS  
THIS  
STUFF  
WE'RE  
WEARING,  
ANYWAY?

FLOWS AND FITS LIKE  
ORG MATERIAL, BUT  
THE FEELS DIFFERENT.  
DON'T GET THE SAME  
SENSE OF IT BEING  
ALIVE.

AN' FROM THE FIRST  
TIME WE CAME, I'VE  
NEVER SEEN ANY-  
BODY--EVEN TRAMPLE-  
ZOMS-- WEAR FULL-  
BODY PROTECTION.  
WHAT'RE WE UP AGAINST,  
SUE, THAT YOU'RE SO  
SCAR--?!

WHAT  
THE--?!

WILL YOU  
BE  
SILENT.!

BY THE ETERNAL,  
YOU PRATTLE ON  
WORSE THAN  
LORCA.!

RICHARD--  
BEHIND  
YOU.!!

FLESHTHRESHERS!



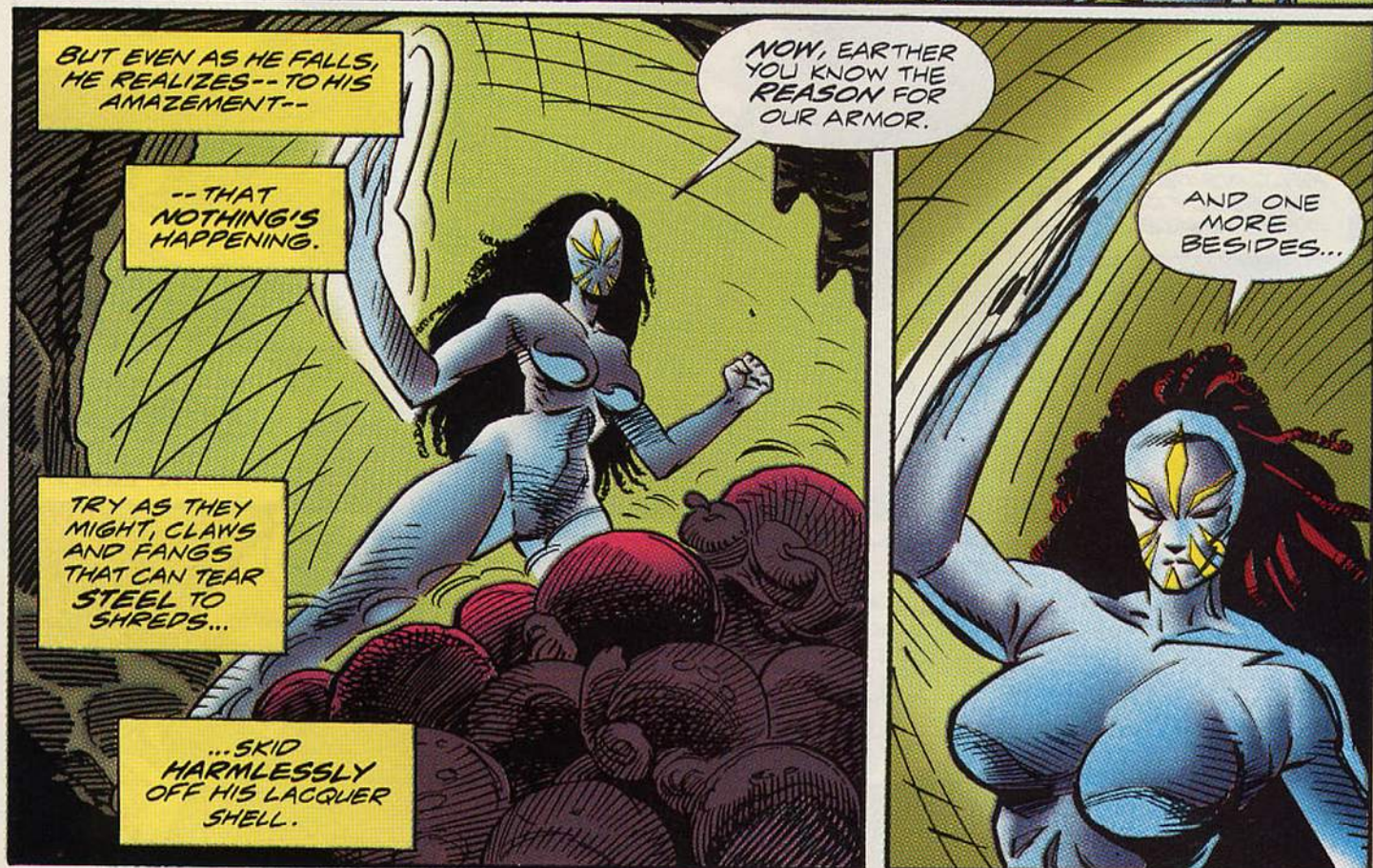


HE KNOWS  
WHAT THEY  
ARE. HE'S  
SEEN THEM  
IN ACTION.

PIRANHA  
WITH LEGS.

ABLE AND INSATIABLY EAGER  
TO STRIP BODIES TO THE BONES  
IN SECONDS.

GET THEM  
OFFA ME!



BUT EVEN AS HE FALLS,  
HE REALIZES-- TO HIS  
AMAZEMENT--

-- THAT  
NOTHING'S  
HAPPENING.

TRY AS THEY  
MIGHT, CLAWS  
AND FANGS  
THAT CAN TEAR  
STEEL TO  
SHREDS...

...SKID  
HARMLESSLY  
OFF HIS LACQUER  
SHELL.

NOW, EARTHER  
YOU KNOW THE  
REASON FOR  
OUR ARMOR.

AND ONE  
MORE  
BESIDES...



...AS SUE GROWS  
A BLADE  
OFF THE END  
OF HER ARM...

... AND USES IT TO  
DEADLY EFFECT.





THE  
GORE  
FLOWS  
FREELY.

I AM  
CONTENT.

WHATEVER  
MAKES YOU  
HAPPY,  
DARLIN'

THESE SHELLS,  
THEY'RE A  
KIND OF  
MEMORY  
PLASTIC,  
AM I RIGHT?



PARTIALLY. THEY ARE A  
BLEND OF ELEMENTS, THE  
KEY BEING THAT NONE  
ARE ORGANIC IN NATURE...

... AND NONE ARE  
DERIVED FROM  
THE ESSENCE OF  
THE ORG.

PARDON MY ASKING,  
BUT AMONG YOUR  
PEOPLE WOULDN'T  
THAT BE  
CONSIDERED...

...BLASPHEMY?

I AM THE  
HIGH  
GORE  
LORD...



...TASKED  
TO  
PROTECT  
THE ORG.

TO THAT END,  
I WILL CALL  
ON WHATEVER  
RESOURCES  
I DEEM  
NECESSARY.

AND MAKE WHAT-  
EVER SACRIFICES.

I'VE SEEN THIS  
MATERIAL BEFORE.  
IN MY GARAGE.

PRUDENCE  
SAVED MY  
LIFE, THEN.

IF SHE'S SO  
EVIL, SUE,  
WHY'D SHE  
DO THAT?



ASK HER  
YOURSELF.

ONLY MAKE SURE YOU'VE  
WELL AND TRULY KILLED  
HER FIRST.

ARRGH!



PLASMA  
BOLTS.

YET THE  
ARMOR  
HELD!

YOUR PEOPLE  
BUILT WELL,  
KURLAND

ONCE MORE, YOU  
HAVE SAVED ME.

HOW YOU  
MUST HATE  
THAT.

UH... SUE...  
NEADS  
UP!





WE GOT  
**COMPANY!**

MONGRELS!

HOW'D  
THEY GET  
SO BIG?!



ALL THE BETTER,  
LITTLE ALIEN...

...TO SQUASH  
YOU AND THE  
GORE LORD...

...LIKE THE  
BUGS  
YOU ARE!

YOU'RE  
TOO  
LATE!

WE'VE FOUND  
THE ENABLER-  
PRIME--

--AND ONE AMONG  
US KNOWS HOW  
TO USE IT!

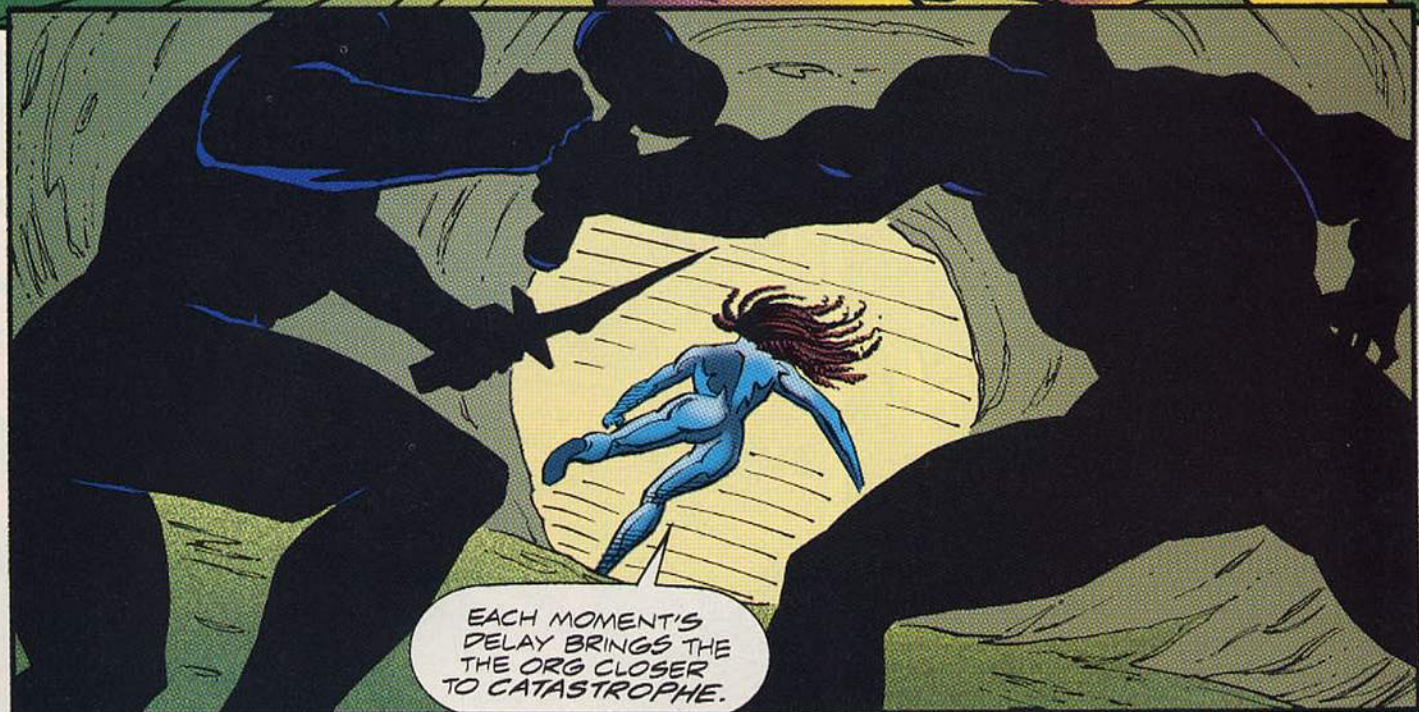


FOOL!

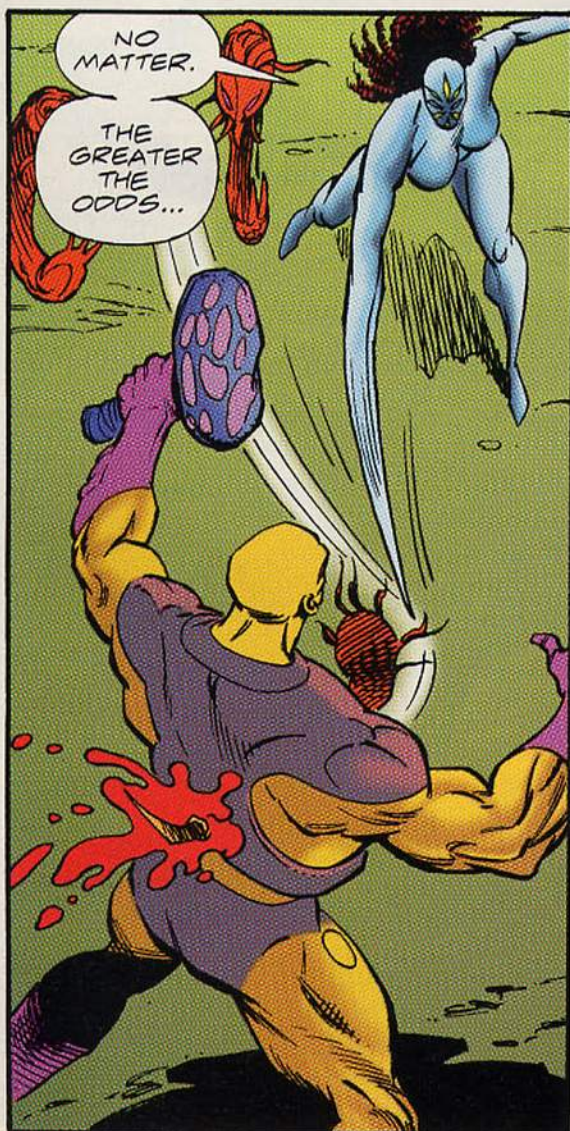
SIZE, HE MAY  
HAVE GIVEN  
YOU, AND  
STRENGTH.

BUT NOT  
SKILL!











UNFORTUNATELY, THE QUALITY OF THE OPPOSITION HAS INCREASED AS WELL.

ITS STINGER--

--CRACKED  
MY  
ARMOR!

SUERACEEN'S DONE THE SAME IN BATTLE HERSELF, USING THEIR FULL-SIZE COUNTERPARTS.

STILL, SHE REFUSES TO YIELD-- EITHER TO DESPAIR OR DEFEAT.



THAT'S THE CUE FOR ALL THE REST TO SWARM HER.

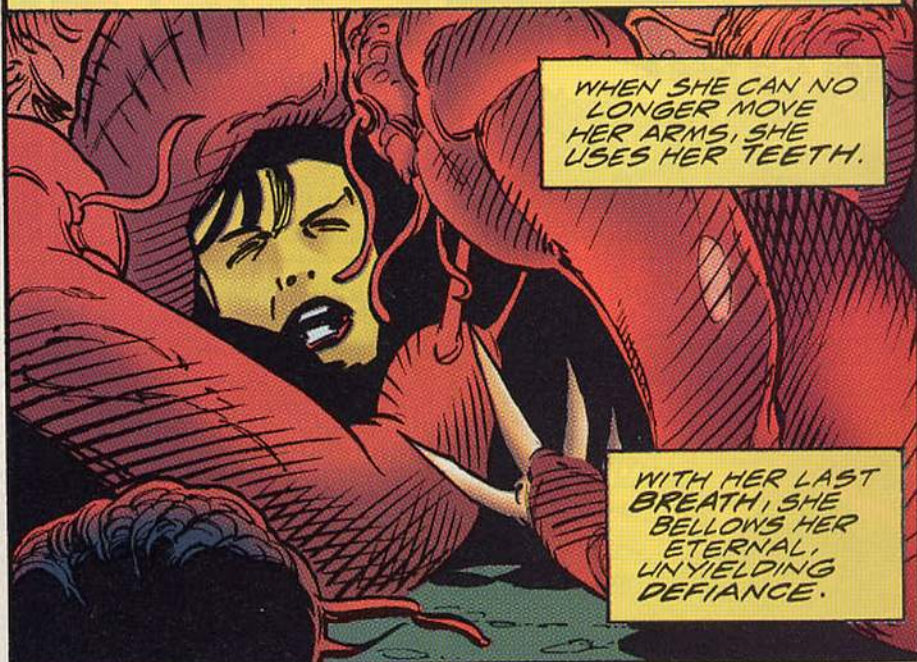
THEY'VE FOUND THE FLAW IN HER DEFENSES.

AND, TRUE TO THEIR GENETIC IMPRINTING, THEY IMMEDIATELY EXPLOIT IT TO THE FULLEST.



EVEN AS SHE'S STRIPPED OF ARMOR AND WEAPONS, SHE TEARS HER FINGERS BLOODY CLAWING AT THE SPIKED CARAPACES OF THE LIFESCOURGES.

WHEN SHE CAN NO LONGER MOVE HER ARMS, SHE USES HER TEETH.



WITH HER LAST BREATH, SHE BELLOWS HER ETERNAL, UNYIELDING DEFIANCE.

IT'S A MAGNIFICENT EFFORT.

BUT IN THE END, A FUTILE ONE.

OH, MAN!  
OH, MAN!

THEY FOUND A WAY TO BEAT HER.



THEY KNOW THERE'S TWO OF US.

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY COME AFTER ME!





AND IT  
ISN'T.

A MIXED CADRE OF  
MONGRELS AND  
LIFESCOURGES.

SEARCH  
EVERY NODE  
BETWEEN  
HERE AND THEIR  
INGRESS  
POINT.

HE MAY  
HAVE  
FLED.

THEN WE HUNT HIM  
DOWN, AND QUICKLY!

BAD ENOUGH  
THE GORE LORD  
DISCOVERED US.

DO YOU WANT  
THE EMPEROR  
HIMSELF, PLUS  
HIS EARTHER  
ALLIES, CRASHING  
DOWN ON OUR  
HEADS.

THEY  
WOULDN'T  
DARE!

NOW THAT THE  
WEAPON  
ULTIMATE IS  
IN OUR HANDS...

...WE  
HOLD THE  
POWER  
ON THE  
ORG!

NOW WHY IS IT,  
BUNKIE...

HOPE YOU  
DON'T MIND...

...BUT I FIGURED  
THAT SINCE YOU  
USED THESE  
POROUS  
MEMBRANES  
TO AMBUSH US...

...IT WAS ONLY FAIR TO RETURN  
THE FAVOR.

THE MORE I SEE OF THESE  
MONGRELS, THE LESS I  
LIKE 'EM.

THEY READ  
TO ME LIKE  
A STREET  
GANG  
BACK  
HOME...

...YOU  
GOT  
ME  
THINKIN'...

...THAT AIN'T  
SUCH A  
GREAT  
IDEA.

...IN THE  
WORST  
SENSE OF  
THE WORD.



MAYBE DOESN'T SEEM SO SCARY IN NEW YORK OR JERSEY...

...BUT THAT'S HOW THOSE GOONS IN THE BALKENS GOT STARTED.

AND I REALLY DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT "WEAPON ULTIMATE" HE MENTIONED.

OH, SOY-- A VALLET TOUGHER LOOKIN' THAN FORT KNOX.

ALMOST AS IMPRESSIVE AS THE CELL PRUDENCE WAS IN.

SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' A PARTY INSIDE.

HOPE THEY'RE ROYALLY BLOTTO.

"MAYBE THEN, THEY'LL OVERLOOK MY SAD EXCUSE FOR A DISGUISE..."

YOUR DAY IS DONE, GORELORD.

WE ARE THE FUTURE.

THEN I WEEP FOR THE ORG.

BECAUSE IN THAT CASE, WE HAVE NO FUTURE.

YOU'VE PROVEN THAT ALREADY...

...WITH YOUR CARELESS AND CALLOUS USE OF THE ENABLER-PRIME!

WE ARE THE ELITE BECAUSE WE KNOW HOW TO PROPERLY USE...

WHY? BECAUSE WE DEMAND THE SAME RIGHT TO CONTROL OUR BODIES AND ENVIRONMENT...

...THAT YOU OF THE ELITE ENJOY?

...THE TOOLS AND RESPONSIBILITIES GIVEN US.

WE CAN LEARN.

WE HAVE LEARNED.

BEHOLD!

MY GOD!

IT'S SOME KINDA MEANS OF INSTANTANEOUS GENETIC MANIPULATION.



